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Life

Anon

In the chaos of the wilds is a powerful sanity:
In the vaulted galleries of the woods,
The sun swept waves of meadows,
In the limitless vistas of virulent life,
In rock and sea and sky:
A hypnotic fascination, a heartbeat beyond sound,
A worship before words or forms, before thought.
The face, body and soul of Life Herself, bare:
Embraced and possessing,
Sharp and near,
Soft and far.
Beauty like a dream,
Perfection without trying.

She flaunts herself, laughing in the Sun,
Dancing before our eyes
Shouting a song of plain desire, rank and sweet.

And we cannot find Her.
She is veiled and clothed,
Swaddled by our ideas of commonplace,
Buried in years of concrete.

She calls to us patiently,
Though we remove ourselves from Her.
For She is us, in line and form,
Motion and thought.
And She waits for us, blind moles.

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Last modified: August 19 2018 14:54:40